

Decadent Town

Dan Bern

Decadent town in the southwest
Blistered decadent town
Hairy, unwashed, souless question mark
Of a decadent town

You pull me into your decadence
Every time I pass through
But deep in the guts of your deep, deep past
From somewhere the decadence grew

I knew a guy in your decadent town
He worked strip clubs most of the time
He barely understood English
But he could sure scrap for a dime

Oh, he could sure make a decision
He changed his name six times I knew
And by the time he was ready to die
He was richer then even the Jews

I knew a woman named Frida
She came to you late in her life
But she gave you her blood and when she was through
She had stolen another man's wife

Oh, God all the people I've known there
Rebecca who thought she could sing
And Annie and John and Larry and Kate
Not a one of them's gotten a thing

Decadent town in the southwest
Decadent town
Where heroin's sugar and liquor is breakfast
And nobody gives a damn

Decadent preachers who live there
Hypocrites, every one
And liars and thieves and at least one I knew of
Who cut off some gangster's thumb

You might think I'm heaping abuse now
You might think I'm going too far
But hell I don't even dislike 'em
It's just someplace I pass in my car

Decadent town that rose from the ashes
That's some old mythology I think
And if you should visit this decadent town
On me have a decadent drink

Oh decadence, what is it anyway
Just a word that some preachers out east
Made up so that folks who had more fun than them
Might stop having such a nice feast

Myself, I like that decadent town
That town in the baking southwest

That gets in your bones if you stay there too long
That's why I'm continuing east

And I'll find my own little decadent town
Wherever I happen to land
Might be in the mountains or down by the sea
Myself, I hope it's in the sand